

A. B. Munro.

THE
MAGAZINE

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND.



OCTOBER, 1914



Vol. II

No. 4

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

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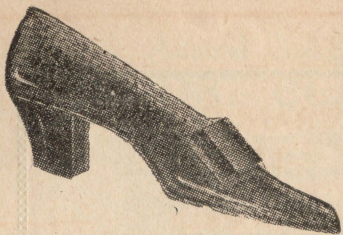
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OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND

OCTOBER 1914

Published once a Term.

Annual Subscription, 2/6; Posted, 2/9

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Sub-Editor	-	J. L. MURSELL.

The Carter-Watson Co., Printers, 65 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane.

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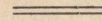
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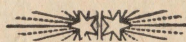
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CONTENTS.



Editorial	85-87	Students' Association	101-102
In the slips	87-89	An Aboriginal Conflict	102-103
College Notes—		University of Queensland Sports Union—	
Emmanuel	89	Football	103
St. John's	90	Cricket	103-104
King's	91	Boat Club	104
Women's College	92	Athletics	104-105
Things Worth Knowing	93	Hockey	105
The Breaking	93-95	University of Queensland Union—	
Social News Item	95	Musical Society	105
Notes	95-97	Women's Club	105-106
The Faculties	98-99	Students Christian Union	106-107
Verse	99	Flowers of France	107
Book Talk	99-101	Arma Virumque	107-108
		The Last Spasm	108-110



THE
MAGAZINE
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND.

Simul et iucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.—

Hor., A.P., 3334.

The War.

IT is beyond our scope to say anything worth reading concerning the war. The time of trying to realise what had happened is past. We do not now feel selfish in permitting ourselves to notice the effect on our community. We have been awakened to a sense of our responsibilities as citizens of the Empire. Our nationality speaks, a trait within us, that before we hardly knew.

* * * *

"DIGNIS DETUR HONOS."

First Expeditionary Force.

Capt. A. C. V. Melbourne, B.A., Infantry Forces.

Lecturer in History. Member of 1st XI.

Lieut. F. G. Haymen, Infantry Forces.
3rd year Engineers. Member of 2nd XI.

Corporal W. V. Diamond, Pay Corps, Military Board.

2nd year Arts. Member of 1st XV.

Corporal H. W. Dinning, B.A., Mechanical Transport.

Graduate in Arts. Editor of "U.Q.M.," 1913.

Sapper F. T. Small, 3rd Company, 1st Division A.I.F.

1st year Engineers. Member of 1st XV.

Sapper N. A. Lloyd, B.E., 3rd Company, 1st Division A.I.F.

Graduate in Engineering. Member 1st XV. Captain (1911-13) University Football Blue. President of U.Q.S.U. 1912.

Second Expeditionary Force.

Lieut. L. N. Collin, Infantry Forces.
2nd year Arts. Hon. Sec. Tennis Club.

* * * *

These to whom true citizenship means such a service to their country and humanity, we beg to accept our earnest wishes for their welfare and success.

Editorial.

THE Representative Council of the Students' Association has decided to issue a Handbook, for the purpose of pointing out to the students the functions and advantages of the various institutions within the University. The fresher is hampered by a want of knowledge as to what benefits he will receive from these various bodies. We feel it our duty as the official journal of the community to express our understanding of one factor in the existing arrangement of institutions.

The present relation of the undergraduates towards the Union calls for our attention. Last year somewhere about twenty per cent. of the men students were members. The Union does not present sufficient advantages to the average University student to induce him to become a financial member. If it has advantages, it does not make them apparent enough. The fact that a body suffers from lack of support is not always to be considered the fault of those who fail to support it. It must first be ascertained whether the fault does not lie in the institution itself or in the organisation of its activities.

The promoters of the Union expected that the body would receive the support of undergraduates generally. The Union embraces the Dramatic Society, the Musical Society and the Women's Club. The training which these clubs have to give does not form a factor in University life, essential enough to give ground for the expectation of general support to a body whose sole duty at present is to govern such clubs. There is a great difference between the importance of the University Sports Union and the University Union.

The Union Debates might perhaps be instanced as an activity of the Union which should appeal to all. It is a fact learned from experience and open to us if we look to other Universities that there is only a small section, which takes active interest in the Debates. As the work of a small club, the University Debates would be more successful. It seems a difficult task to organise debates under the present system. The Debat-

ing Society must be managed by those specially interested, formed into a ruling committee. This would form a permanent source from which speakers could be provided and at the same time make for a better management of the Club's affairs than is possible under the present conditions.

The Union officials are at present very busy collecting subscriptions. If we find it inconvenient to pay their arguments of extortion are an exhortation to public spirit and a demonstration of the necessity of paying off the outstanding debt on the piano.

Public spirit is misdirected in the support of an institution that is not of benefit to the public. If the average undergraduate, the member of an enlightened community, cannot see where in he will benefit the public, he is foolish if he allows this argument to induce him to forward a subscription.

The piano should never have been purchased. It is used by the Musical Society, whose average attendance is about fifteen. At such an early period of the Union life to purchase what is almost unused by the students generally, was a foolish policy. The Union committee knew the then importance of the Musical Society. And a small amount of insight would have shown them what its place always would be. Consequently, when a body is struggling for existence, it is a mark of foolishness to use practically all its funds to benefit the smallest section of that body.

Moreover, there is this fact that might have been considered. One of the clauses in the constitution of the Union, drawn up by the committee appointed for that purpose, was that the subscription should be fixed at a certain amount. An amendment was moved to the effect that the subscription should be reduced to half that amount. The Chairman of the meeting opposed the amendment on the ground that such a subscription would be necessary to pay off amounts for repairs to Common Room furniture. When the Union Committee had the felicity to ascertain that such expenses would not be laid at their

door, perhaps it would have been more advisable to benefit their Union by lowering the subscription than to threaten its existence by the use that has been made of the funds.

Last year almost all the women students were financial members of the Union. This appears to show excellent public spirit on the part of the women students. But the Women's Club seems to be a flourishing institution, which holds out inducements to all women students. To join the Women's Club it is necessary to join the Union. The Union then depends for its financial existence on the women students who join it to avail themselves of the benefits of the Women's Club. In fact, the women students are paying off the debt on the piano. It is perhaps incumbent on the Union Committee to transfer the piano to the Women's Common Room, where possibly its talents, so far wasted in dissipation by an assortment of chopstick exercises and preambles to storm sonatas, will receive such a nurture as will enable it to do—what such a thing ought to do.

We have frequently been reminded that it is not so much the expectation of becoming the recipients of certain tangible advantages as the willingness to rank ourselves as supporters of University Social Life that should influence us in the matter of becoming financial devotees to the Union. At present the Union has no social life. Activities which appeal but to small sections cannot be grouped together under the head of Social Life, in the sense that they appeal to the body generally. The basis of University social life is the strengthening of the bonds of fellowship, the promotion of a spirit in the University as distinct from that obtaining in other institutions. If the University Union, as it exists at present, begs to hold itself forth as the promoter of social life, why have the best men amongst us found it necessary to form a club which has for its object "the fostering of a spirit in keeping with University traditions." The present University Union can lay no legitimate claim to such activity.

Perhaps the formation of a Men's Club would be a mode in which the Union

might foster social life. But it is a difficult task to organise a Men's Club. For there are such widely different types of men to be found in the community that it is hard to suppose that they will be bound together in active support of a Men's Club, established under present circumstances.

Again, it might be said that it is advisable to have a Union, as an organising body for the smaller clubs. In practice, it is to be seen that the smaller clubs would flourish just as much when managing their own affairs entirely. Besides this, their membership would probably be increased, owing to smaller subscriptions.

Such is the Union's present position. A body which claims general membership must extend benefits which appeal generally. The benefits which the University Union at present extends do not appeal generally. Those which it does extend by means of minor clubs, could be extended by the clubs themselves, without the existence of the Union.

Does the Union stand for anything in the Future? Is there a prospect in time to come of the undergraduate community reaping benefit from the Union? Perhaps for the establishment of a Union practically beneficial there is required a preparatory stage of two or three years, during which the members receive little or no return for their support. If this is so, we are bound to support the Union at present. We are the pioneers of this University's life. Our duty it is to leave privileges to future undergraduates who shall uphold and further the prestige which has been gained through our agency.

What future advantages, then, can the Union hold out? This is a question which it is the duty of the Union Committee to decide before the publication of the University Handbook. There is some talk of a Club Room—possibly the centre of a flourishing Men's Club. Can this come into existence at a period so near, that it is our duty to support it? If a larger complement of students is necessary for the establishment of such conditions, how far distant is the time when the numbers of this University will be materially increased? The

answers to these questions must be given in convincing terms. If we are to be members, let us see the purpose of our membership.

Otherwise the Union must endure an unnatural existence—relying for its support on those who are anxious to join the smaller clubs and which do not merit greater advantages than they provide of themselves. It must become a Union, not of the average University men, but of the women students. For it has nothing to give to men as a body.

Perhaps the future glorious existence is a very long way off? The Union must then consider whether it is advisable, on the chance of dying a natural death, patiently to maintain its existence. It must recognise that if it does so, its conditions of membership must be changed in favour of the financial condition of the present race. Either subscriptions must be paid to the individual clubs or a smaller subscription to the Union.

If the University Union can do so, it is incumbent upon it to justify its claims for general support through the medium of the University Handbook—not altogether a theoretical consideration of what ought to happen, but an investigation into the ways of students and what will suit them, the Union being a body whose purpose should be to benefit students.

In the Slips.

THE phrase has so much of the flavour of Lord's that he who runs may be pardoned for reading the topic as of Play. The Concentration Camp little resembles a cricket meeting. But if war is a kind of sport—as it is in the sense of so earnest-minded a man as John Ruskin—there may be some ambiguity in the title. And is not all our serious action sport of some kind? The great German, who lived long before the reign of militarism, used to say that life was not being lived until it had become "a kind of glorious sport." Neither is sport anything profitable so long as it does not rank as a serious matter. The two

seem as closely associated as tears with Punchinello—Comedy with Tragedy. And the fact that one reads the breakfast-table cables of war with something of that interest which he takes in the progress of a true Game, takes nothing from the earnestness of his outlook on the fighting in this supremely righteous war. There is nothing directly of cricket here: but to be bound week by week in a preparatory camp, with the enemy despoiling in the distance, is to stand like King Harry's Greyhounds, straining upon the start. We chafe in the slips.

One never invites delaying action unless driven on by the Hamlet temperament. Sitting down in a Concentration Camp a few days, for inevitable setting things in order before the journey, is tolerable; but a succession of postponements of the date of setting-out is hard to bear when there is not Hamlet's manifold speculation upon contingencies. We all know where we want to go, and why: and here is a damnable leaving-on of faces, forced upon us by the stage-manager. The theatre of war has a labyrinthine green-room: the gods must be getting as impatient to begin as the meanest scene-shifter or extra-gentleman.

Were it not that there are great things to be enacted, this loitering would be interesting enough, in its way. It has an interest which belongs not to the mock war-camp at Lytton once a year. There there is nothing in view but the fruits of some abstract training. But in the Army-Service Camp every figure of the manœuvres on a morning-parade is a potential battle-movement, with a strategic value: no part of camp-routine but is significant. Every nail the farrier-sergeant and his understrappers drive home is struck teleologically: nay, every square meal you eat goes to build up more than your own poor body: here you eat imperially.

It is a long day, counted by hours; but as a fact it is all too short for your purposes. Were it not so, there would not be these aggravating bulletins postponing embarkation. The working-day lasts from six-thirty till five, with but short respites for needful feeding. And there seems little need to say that one eats without coaxing and sleeps

with downrightness: the only objectionable hardship of camp-life is that one must rise at six whether he likes it or not. In College you were wont to read on even till the matutinal cock sounded the reveille, if you had a mind to—knowing you could cut Chapel; but you know that here you do not cut the early parade with impunity.

Six is an unhallowed hour. One blast of the ram's-horn shakes down the walls of sleep; and by six-thirty you're shaved—except for the upper-lip, where an incipient regimental growth bristles with self-development—washed, and are swallowing a foundational draught of coffee. Yet as you look about you and taste the sweet air, you say you'll rise early for ever. So, perhaps, you would, were it always these soft hills and this trailing mist and these sweetly-singing birds and this gentle wind of the morning that would greet you. But you revert to the zinc-lined bathroom and metal roads and your dukedom of book-lined walls, and remember that these did not call you early. Then you may—if you have time—fall to speculating upon the European mornings that may yet dawn upon you, and see with prophetic eye the waving Ardennes and sniff at the Black Forest—until the whole is blown suddenly to nothing by the "Fall-in," and the day is begun; and man goeth forth unto his labour until the evening.

Departs the leisure to speculate upon what may come and what may be being done at the Front. It returns for a half-hour after breakfast, as you sit about the Mess with the cablegrams and the fragrant morning pipe, and discount the News headlines at the customary rate due to the Brisbane Daily-Press. There is in our Mess a Sergeant-Major of the old Imperial service, who has seen work in South Africa and in India and in Egypt, and others who have fought. They weigh and criticise the reports with the sanity of the old soldier; and one may learn more, by ten minutes' talk with them, of the situation in Europe as it is most likely to be, than by a month's reading of the garbled reports and curious inferences of the Press, where the outlook is every way Civilian; and as the heaven is high

above the earth so far is the civilian outlook on the campaign removed from that of the old campaigner.

By the time the frenzy of the Journal has been abated, and the Map of Europe righteously re-ordered, the trumpet is calling each man to his work. Of the variety of that work there is no end. The Army Service Corps, in the height of the morning, recalls that picture of Watts's called "Work"—though we thank Heaven the workers are not huddled quite so close. But here are all sorts and conditions of men; and side by side work the Farrier and the Baker, the Wheeler, the Horse-breaker, the Cook and the Butcher; the Musketry-squad, the mounted troop; the armourer, the clerk, the teams—wagon-packers, drivers—a whole legion of men variously engaged, but in the sure and certain hope of getting out to the Fight, and with the Faith that, if the Army lack transport, the best-concerted schemes are vain. Buonoparte was used to say that the General who neglected the detail of transport ought to be shot.

The work of one day much resembles that of another; but one is too busy to resent the monotony: it is not that which breeds impatience of the delay here, but the uncertainty as to how long that delay will last, and the knowledge that there is work to be done over there.

The evening meal is the best; for the leisure to talk succeeds it. That is not to say that the night has not its duties; but they are not so insistent and are sooner disposed of. One speaks not now of the unhappy Private; for for him there is Picquet, of all duty most insufferable. For there is no work to be engaged on, and one needs much capacity to ruminate and much tobacco to see him through the night. Pacing the lines under the dew may be well enough for a half-hour, self-imposed: but as duty, and for hours, it is hardly removed from the treadmill. But the monotony is sometimes broken by the horses which (one must suppose) often stampede with a motive: for if playing sentry to them is insufferable, their own state is unthinkable; and they are self-respecting enough to resent the indignity of being tied head and heel, like cows.

To lie in tent adjoining, and be wakened by a horse-stampede, is to visualise, half-roused, some sort of night-attack: you wonder feverishly whether you are not already on German soil, with the despoiler upon you in the night. But you know soon that the curses are all English peace-curses.

Privates exempt from picquet recline with their pipes and thrash out more universal questions than that of the war. The war, in fact, does not monopolise as a topic—maybe through some curious notion that war is “shop.” But all manner of deep problems are worked-over in the manner of Stevenson’s Lantern-bearers. The lantern-bearers are here, in fact, become adult, and they treat those deep, elemental questions without the furtiveness of the lantern-bearers of the sandhills and the nipping night, but with a broad, Falstaffian, anecdotal frankness, unleavened by very much Falstaffian saving cleverness.

In the Mess of the Non-Commissioned-Officers the young bloods gather round, drunk with first promotion, and regale themselves on abstract discussions of discipline, with illustrations from their own administration during the day. The old campaigners are there to ridicule and restrain into humility of office, and to contribute their endless reminiscence of fighting-service. The war is discussed in quasi-council (it is not “shop” in this company), the map of Europe once more readjusted, the pipes are re-filled and filled again—or (better still) the gift cigars are broached; and through the reek the Tel-el-Kebir visage of the Sergeant-Major gleams with old soldierly content: the younger blades, who smoke because they are of the Mess, and not because they like it, show pale or green, and one by one creeps silently to rest.

We do other things at night beside talk. Sometimes we get leave: sometimes we take a rush of work: sometimes there is a Camp-fire Concert and the University Musical Society comes out and tickles the ears of the groundlings with examples of rhythmic interpretation. But mostly we talk—and talk late; forgetting, or ignoring of malise prepense, the hour of the morning call. But in any case some regular training in slender sleep is part of your preparation for active-service, H.W.D.

College Notes.

EMMANUEL COLLEGE.

“WORK for the night is coming, when man can work no more” is our war cry at present. There is no student but has definitely and uncompromisingly renounced “continuing” “eliding,” the pursuit of female company and such other atrocities which make a 20th century student’s lot a hard one. The approach of exams. is generating a retiring temperament in the students. They have become an uninteresting lot of beggars couped up in their own private dens whence they wearily emerge to pray at 10 p.m. Having prayed they return thither and curse themselves for having spent the early part of the year in idle dalliance. This gloomy pessimism is being evinced by the actual disinclination of the whole college to sing in the bathroom. Erstwhile the harmonious notes issuing forth from the chamber of our matutinal ablutions made it like unto the Pierian vale. But the muses have fled or have been metamorphosed into moping owls. In spite of the heart bewitching strains of previous day we now get nothing of greater oratorical sublimity than “Come out, you don’t want the whole morning to have a bath.”

Far are we from idly “making a song about” our superiority as a college, but there are a few facts of importance in this regard which it would be a sin against the human race to keep buried in oblivion. Our recognised pre-eminence has been enhanced by the fact that the college has added to its modern conveniences a factotum, which on its arrival was said to be alive. No one seriously accepted this statement, but recent developments show that the conjecture was not without a soupçon of truth. Even the most sceptical of us now believe that the college is in possession of a real live factotum. Several of us have seen it move, one whose sobriety on the occasion was not above suspicion asserted he saw it clean a pair of boots. But I am not exag-

gerating when I say that his allegations were not universally disbelieved. The college archaeologist has been examining the ancient college chronicles, which date back as far as 1914, and has read us the following extract: "And it came to pass upon a certain day that the council of the elders bade a certain factotum come and abide in the college. And they did covenant with him that he should amuse the students and fulfil divers other duties, as factota in those days were wont to do. Now it happened that this factotum was like unto a melon, wherefore the council of the elders called his name "cows-feet." The name by vulgar aetiological error has been transformed into "cowsfeet."

We are all bewailing the limitations placed upon our intellectual activities as we contemplate the narrow scope of our examination subjects. Many of us would like voluptuously to wander, to digress into the pleasant grassy glades instead of ever footing the hard, uninteresting metalled road to "Degree." Oft have we wished to learn for learnings sake, not with the sordid aim of passing in November. One of our physics students decided to break his cruelly imposed bonds and study something not set down in the minimum requirements.

Sometime previously the first private endowment to the college funds came in the spontaneous gift from Grantham Isaacstein of one half-penny sterling to be a fund for aiding research in the composition stability, architectural unity, etc., of hot porridge. The physics student in question decided with the financial support of this fund to carry out the required research. It was tacitly assumed when the grant was made that the household staff of the college would willingly assist in supplying material. It has now transpired that such assumptions were groundless. Operations have been discontinued, and to make matters worse the trustees of the fund have invested it in the chance of Corney paying his washing bill this side of "Kingdom Come," and at present it looks as if no more jeopardous investment could have been made.

ST. JOHN'S.

THE third term of all others is perhaps the most propitious to the unfortunate writer of College Notes, in that he may be excused on the ground of mental derangement, due to the mere thought of approaching exams., from endeavouring to be either witty or original.

This term has been of interest in more ways than one. The third week witnessed the final inter-college contest for this present year, and we find it our pleasant duty to congratulate the College XI. who were so successful in winning the honours of the day for St. John's.

In commenting on the inner life of the College we shall confine ourselves to an account of what may be termed an "Impromptu Concert," and "An experiment in the open air health treatment."

As is quite well known, the third term is necessarily a time of enforced activity, but the musical propensities of a gentleman, who "loves to live in love-land" behind the tennis court, are not altogether conducive to deep mental concentration. As a body of undergrads we fully recognised this, and throwing dull care to the winds we did our utmost to aid the lonely musician in his gallant attempt to woo the soulful muse.

The other event to which we refer is of a somewhat more distracting nature. Imagine our surprise, when at eight o'clock one evening not long since, we espied our bed resting serenely on the roof of an adjoining outhouse. Imagining ourselves to be suffering from an hallucination, we anxiously sort the counsel of our neighbours, who to our intense amazement treated the matter almost with levity. After much enquiry we discovered it was the freak of some out-door enthusiast, and convinced by his appeal to lead the simple life, we immediately became his disciples, with the strange result that not half-an-hour later other beds, to the number of quite a dozen, might be espied in unspeakable open positions. Prudence bids us draw a veil over the rest of that night, suffice

it to say that sleep refused all blandishments and that verandahs without a mattress prove a cure to such outdoor enthusiasts.

And now in closing these brief notes we take the opportunity of wishing all fellow undergrads—both in and out of St. John's—every possible success in the forthcoming trials of November.

This term has been of interest in more ways than one.

Among the first to offer their services to the Australian Expeditinary Force were two of our staff—the Bursar, A. W. Oakes and Mr. Croker, Lecturer in Mathematics; and though as a College we have thus sustained a heavy loss we feel that this is not to be emphasised when the higher call of patriotism demands the sacrifice. We wish them both God speed.

KING'S COLLEGE.

1st Expeditionary Force.

Corporal H. W. Dinning, B.A.

Sapper F. T. Small.

Rev. Private J. G. Hunter.

With these soldiers go the heartfelt good wishes of us all. Lost from our College life; they go forth to serve their country in a war against war.

NOTES.

King's College has won the Inter-College Competition. The cricket match was lost by 50 runs on the first innings.

The Athletic competition was won by King's.

We beg to be monotonous. Monotony is the root of all absence of variety. By monotony in this case we mean that we shall treat as the theme of this essay, what we treated in last issue.

The third term has become quieter than the second. Nor is the reason to be found in the Jerusalem theory. It is probably the weather.

"The controversy between the Owls and the Fowls still exists." It must be observed that the Fowls peck at every little thing they see. The Cricket Skipper lives here. He puts faces on bats. No, No, not his own. They're plane faces. Other people's? Yes, the

bats. It seems to be a work of sculpture. At 7.30 every morn there is a sound, pat, pat, pat—a nice easy gradual way to awaken an owl. But a Fowl. The Fowls work from shortly after five till 7.45. The C. Skip. pats faces from 7.30 till the last verse of chapel hymn. Subtraction will enable you to ascertain the Fowls' case.

Of course, the Chooks collared the bats. But of bats, there were six in the C.S.'s room—three in one corner and three, goodness knows where. The Fowls eloped with the trio that the skipper didn't want to face and wasn't facing. You see, a Fowl can't tell whether anything has got a face.

If one of our Fowls can't tell a face from the absence of a face, then a rooster can't tell a head from the absence of a head. Thus, the rooster doesn't know its own head is off.

To return, the result is that the Fowls have the unsculptured bats, while the skipper still every morn at 7.30 is to be heard pat, pat, patting, at regular intervals to the notes of "Sons of the Sea." That's why they call him skipper.

The Fowls have adopted as their anthem the song entitled, "I feel, I feel, I feel . . . like a morning star."

The peculiar characteristics of a college are shown by the songs it habitually sings. For instance "The Village Pump," indicates that nearly all of us have a bath now and then. "Algernon! Go on!" indicates a progressive movement in certain directions, while "The sands of time are sinking," shows that we don't let the grass grow under our feet. The only objection to this last melody is that the last line of each verse refers to somebody else.

We had another visit from an old friend, Mr. P——. He is a great sport and always pretends not to be sober. We have at last after two years found out the reasons for his pretended efforts. He decided to give us a lantern lecture on Physics some Saturday evening. (What a lovely Saturday evening). It was discovered that the instrument is in reality a cinematograph and P—— is a cinematograph operator secretly taking a film on "Foolish Moments of Great Souls."

Monotony—all is monotony—the same time for meals, the same clothes, the same way to dress, the same way to be buried,

the same pat, pat, pat, pat, pat, pat, at regular intervals every morning at 7.30.

It is the end of another year. Some of us will leave, and our places be filled up by new arrivals. After a few years' life at King's it is sad to contemplate departure. Yet we'll stick to each other all through. The new arrivals will help those of us who stay to maintain the prestige of the college and the glorious spirit of fellowship that has filled every corner of our abode. All honour is due to those who have pioneered in the life of the college.

WOMEN'S COLLEGE NOTES.

One of the most doubtful pleasures is to be the unfortunate individual delegated to write the College Notes. Of all the incidents, comic and otherwise, which constitute College life and make it so fascinating, none seems worthy of chronicling.

We can now speak of ourselves in round numbers for we are twenty, another student having entered at the end of last term.

The first of August saw a mournful procession of five bid farewell for ever to their beloved "Koreelah" and prepare to take up their abode in the new cottage, now christened "Warrawee." They are, however, I believe, by this time, quite reconciled to this change, especially as Warrawee is a "model" cottage, constructed on the latest approved plans of architecture (this will please at least one of our readers). Moreover it boasts a flag which signifies to all passers-by the patriotism of the inhabitants. This patriotism of the College, however, is not one of words only, for the 9th Battalion of the Transport Brigade bear on their waggon flags made by the more energetic members. Then too the College showed its unselfish spirit in yielding up so magnanimously its Maths. tutor for the defence of the Empire, risking even the failure of its students thereby. His place, however, is being filled by one of our own 'Varsity grads.

A strange coincidence—passers-by in the neighbourhood of the College, in one fateful spot are in the habit of losing threepences. Could the inhabitants of Warrawee throw any "light" on the sub-

ject.

In spite of the closeness of exams. and the consequent harassed looks, and burning of midnight oil, at least eleven of us could not withstand the temptation held out by the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company.

One Saturday afternoon, therefore, saw a gay party armed with sandwiches and cake, seated on the stairs waiting more or less patiently for the opening of gallery doors.

And now, to work! that the results of exams. may be a fitting finale to a glorious College year.

Things Worth Knowing.

Dear Mr. Cholmley,—

I am sure, Sir, that you will appreciate the honour of receiving a communication from one who holds such an important and influential position in the University as myself, but I assure you that writing to a man of your culture and education is indeed a pleasure. Being a man of unwarped judgment and reasoning tolerance you will not object to my taking you into my confidence and giving you a few respectful hints as to your manner of conducting lectures. The lucidity and slow precision with which your lectures are delivered has become proverbial. In these days when professors and lecturers imagine they are realising their fondest ideal when they speak as fast and as indistinctly as possible it is really a convincing testimony to your wonderful standard of excellence in this respect when a student can take down such notes as these: "Ex . . . Luc. gen. points . . . two imp. Cic This . . . Disputations." Now a student in possession of such notes is sufficiently forearmed against the attacks of the frenzied mob of student-floppers who get loose amongst their prey in the middle of November.

If it was possible for me to write without digressing on to the merits of my own character and ideals I would do so. But such a course is impos-

sible if I want adequately to point out your shortcomings. I am a student of the worthiest ideals, my heart yearns for the classics, the grandest and most noble form of education. Well, it is a source of grief to me that your lectures on Greek philosophy disclose a most regrettable indifference in you to the beauties and grandeur of Platonic thought. Now my attitude towards Platonic philosophy is akin to reverence. As I read it, I become conscious of its ennobling and edifying spirit. Leisure hours spent in contemplating the existence of an eternal scheme of things, the existence of a world which transcends our blurred imperfect sense data, the profound reflections on the divine nature of our souls, and the weird entrancing beauty of the myths, make for me a veritable Elysium. For you to give such a supreme genius as Plato a cursory glance in your lectures, to ensowathe as it were his works with unmerited obscurity is indeed an observance or rather an omission deserving merciless criticism.

To refer to my own character again, I must admit that I am very sensitive as to the underestimation of my abilities and attainments, and I think my views on this subject can be taken as typical of all your students. By your behaviour in some of your Latin lectures you have been attributing to your students an intelligence of a mediocre, if not a mean order, and deplorably narrow range of reading. Now to give them a lengthy quotation from e.g. page 62871 of Volume XXIV. of the Corpus Inscriptionum, does, I assure you, amount to a humiliating insult to your students. If you only knew that every student in your Latin class knew the Corpus from cover to cover as they know the Lord's prayer, you would bitterly regret your gross misconception of their intellects.

There is a further piece of advice which I should like to give you in conclusion; it does not concern the matter or methods of your lectures but it is of inestimable importance on account of its bearing on University etiquette. I am a lover of University form and ceremony and insist upon it that when apathy towards them is fomented the foundation stones of the University be-

gin to crumble. I am referring to the wearing of academic dress in attendance at lectures. Had I deemed that this custom, with which are associated all the grandest academic traditions, was being violated even by lecturers, the University would have been poorer by the loss of the writer. But I am not too proud to give you a little counsel on this matter—make every effort by precept and example to have this custom observed. In conclusion, let me state that if the result of this communication is that misunderstanding between you and your lecturees is either eliminated or reduced to a minimum I shall not have written in vain.

Yours condescendingly,

PLATOPHILIST.

The Breaking.

"I'll break y'r, y'r stubb'n cow."

It was not 'the old story, drink.' Nevertheless it was an old story—the wanton playing of those bestial passions that lurk in the hearts of men.

He had commanded, she, the chattel, had disobeyed. It had been so not once, but many times; times which he had thought to offer turning-points in his career. He had seemed to see splendid opportunities in life—she had blinded her eyes and foiled his plans. This last scheme had loomed so big and promised so fairly, and once again she had thwarted him. It was too much, passion now ran riot, the beast had supplanted the man in the home of his body, and savagery held his heart.

In the transformation the chattel had become a she-beast, something alive, something warm and trembling, and her every helpless struggle roused a fiercer joy of preying. The struggle was soon over, and she quivered unresistingly beneath the clutch at her neck and the bruising grip on her arm. Then again, when he had opened the gate and was dragging her towards the stockyard, the fleecing snarl burst forth, "I'll break y'r, y'r stubb'n cow!"

It was not the first time she had been roughly handled, but hitherto the beast had never completely gained the upper hand of the man in him. Now there was a difference. The very character of his voice was altered. The words ended with

a choking gasp that was fresh. The new tone thrilled her, and her body quivered in a strange unknown way. The sickness of fear blotted out her soul and for the time being it was not. She was afraid of Death. Not as humans fear it—there was no thought nor fear of abstract death—rather she felt fierce Death clutching her—hers was the blind terror, the instinctive numbing horror that comes to animals stricken by a stronger foe. In the extremity of her fear she uttered hoarse wavering cries, at each of which the grip tightened and there came an answering snarl.

As he let down the rails of the stockyard his blue eyes blazed with the lust of prey. Through the rails he forced her towards the "breaking in" bail, and as he again hissed "I'll break y'r," the light of understanding filled her now quite human eyes—he was going to bail her up, to "break" her!

The primeval animal terror ebbed away and in its place a flood of protesting shame swept over the desecrated human. The agony of soul was too great to expend itself in words or tears—it found expression in a poignant sensitiveness. Every nerve was strained to its highest tension, every sense organ transmitting impressions with lightning clearness and intensity. She felt herself thrust against the side post of the bail, the lever was pushed home and the pin inserted.

She had often seen the scary heifer broken in that same bail. A vivid imagination played over every detail. Often had she pitied them, mutely feeling with them, but now the very realisation seemed to come upon her. She struggled as they did, and pulled back; as they bellowed, so she screamed; they kicked and plunged, she tore frantically at the bail-posts; they fell on their knees in their terror, so did she in her shame.

Suddenly she remembered the brutal kicks he was wont to administer as aids to erect standing and she leapt to her feet. Too late though—the harsh roar "Git up" was preceded by a stinging cut from the doubled lep-rope. She carried for long days the red scars of that and other stripes, but she felt them not as on her back. Her fancy pictured the thudding kicks on the heifers' ribs and at every stroke she shrank upwards. By some

trick of the brain the cruel cuts synchronised with the thumping of her heart, a great pain was in her chest and neck, she felt kicks whilst she received stripes.

Vividly she felt, too, the agony of calf-loss. How often had her heart beaten in sympathy as the heifer strained to turn her head, and, with wild stretching, glimpse her little wonder-treasure. Often had her mother-heart been wrung as the brute (she was now taking the heifer's attitude instinctively) had caught the pretty innocent and, despite its cries, carried it away to that special little yard whence shortly was wont to come that low dull thud which told to her waiting ear that the heifer, whom she was seeking to soothe with gentle touch and gentler word, had lost her pain-found mystery.

Until now she had been lost to her surroundings in the keen torture of realised memory, and his words—a constant stream of them—had fallen meaningless, as on a cow's ear, forming a harsh accompaniment to the imaginings which had swept from her the tide of her purely human feelings. These now came back with a rush of tenfold misery. Great God, listen to the brute! . . .

"I'll teach y'r, y'r stabb'n cow." (He was one of those men whose mental powers are dulled by outbursts of passion—he clung to the one phrase till he came again to his right mind.) "I'll break y'r. I'll show the kids a stabb'n cow c'n be broken. Y've been boss too long, y'r cow y'r, 'nd th' kids are takin' arfter y'r. I'll show them what to expect! . . ."

Gone was all thought of the heifer—the mother of little children awakened and came to her own. Numberless the days she had passed in dread of him, few the occasions she had opposed his crooked plans, and then only because impelled by the pictured manhood and womanhood of her children. Her darlings! would they see thus? Back to her mind flashed the purpose of the particular bail in which she was fastened—the breaking-bail! and her first born, her children would behold her degradation! She visioned the wide horror-stricken eyes—the sobbings—the innocent telling of her shame to playmates. Could the brute make them laugh at her, their mother, held up to ridicule, beaten, broken as a heifer? The anticipation of what she

now knew to be his purpose burnt into her brain with a searing blinding flash. She shrieked, pulled, pushed, plunged wildly, madly—then sank moaning on the floor—quite broken.

She never on earth realised the awful tragedy that followed—the kicking, the striking and the swearing, but in the world are five people whose lives have been shadowed by a haunting memory—her children and her husband. To those who know not the inwardness of their hearts, their loving solicitude for cattle seems carried to the point of foolishness. The gossips “pity the poor husband—so sweet-tempered! so nervous of young cattle! and how tenderly he treats his wife! Poor man, he has a handful!” Then they snicker as they sip the comforting tea, before remarking with more meaning than appears in the bare words, “She is—er—a little peculiar you know, isn’t she? She—er—spends most of her time amongst the grazing cattle, echoing their loving, er, weeping on the necks of young heifers!” A further sip, and they gently sigh into their gossip-cups, murmuring “Pooh children—er—heredity you know!”

When such remarks chance to reach the ears of loyal children, they answer, also with more meaning than appears in the bare words, that perhaps it is.

DRYASDUST.

Social News Item.

Another appalling incident has occurred, even more terrible than the one we depicted under this heading in last issue. One of our brethren was perched on the fortifications which protect the University Hall from the attacks of a certain motor vehicle. He was stewing Psychology. In a short time, a hand was laid on his shoulder and, on glancing up, he perceived one of our engineers, decked in garments which inevitably are the mark of a best man. Demurely following the engine’s lead, the victim was led into the room which is generally used for the deliverance of lectures on English. The whole University thronged the benches

of a room, decked with bridal impedimenta. The Rev. J. J. horse Howse stood ready to perform a marriage ceremony on anyone that came along. To the surprise of the victim, the bride appeared in the person of the assistant lecturer in English, dressed as a coy, smiling damsel, whose tresses, no longer bumping upwards with cheeky obstinacy, were bound down by a fillet of red, white, and blue. The ceremony was performed. The bridegroom, with an air of Oriental politeness, led his fair bride from the lecture-room and further up the stairs. There passed them on the stairs the Mayotic monster with visage that makes one involuntarily (or is it involitionally) think of November. The Mayot looked from the bride to the bridegroom, and with bee-hive voice remarked “Alas! Poor Fellow!” Our brother was awakened at last by the barmaid at the Bellevue, spilling beer down his back at the wedding-breakfast. And this proved to be the kindly action of some fellow-student, who taking pity, supplied water from a neighbouring tap.

The interpretation is difficult, but the remark on the stairs leads us to suppose that if the dreamer attaches himself too closely to English, his chances in Psychology merited the commiseration.

—Contributed.

Notes.

WE have received an article from H. W. Dinning, B.A., who is at present encamped in Melbourne with the First Expeditionary Force. We feel grateful to the former Editor of this journal for a continued interest which bids him tell of new surroundings in this issue.

* * * *

Norman Austen Lloyd, First Graduate in Engineering at the University of Queensland has left to join the troops of the First Expeditionary Force in Melbourne. We wish to take the opportunity of expressing our appreciation of the important part Lloyd has played in the life of this University, in the establishment of its institutions, and especially in the prosperity of the

Sports Union. Lloyd was captain of the University Football team from its inception in 1913. He represented Queensland in 1913 and was selected to play for Australia, but found it impossible to make the necessary voyage to New Zealand. Lloyd also represented Queensland in 1914. It is in no small way due to his energies that the University football has attained its present standard. Lloyd was president of the U.Q.S.U. in 1912, and Treasurer in 1913, in both of which positions he showed himself of exceedingly great value to the Union. He was also a prime mover in the formation of the Representative Council. Lloyd has always gained the respect of fellow-students. He is a man endowed with common sense and British bull-dog.

* * * *

There is to be found in this issue an article, concerning the different values of an education in the various University Faculties. It seems inevitable that there should be a number of people at a University undergoing a training, not as congenial to their peculiar tendencies as some other activity might be. They are prevented from giving their best to their fellow-men. The cause of this is to be found partly in a lack of knowledge of the meaning of a University training, the inability to conceive what development the various courses can severally bestow. Partly, moreover, it is due to the student being unacquainted with the tendencies of his own intellect. Some advice is needed. Nor is it always the best course to come to Lecturers for advice. For perchance a University Lecturer might be unconsciously swayed in his judgment through a devotion to the studies which have constituted his life's work. On the other hand they are only University men, who seem capable of giving an opinion on the value of the courses. Get hold of a University man if you want him for advice, but be sure of the man you get hold of. Surely there is some guiding spirit who knows the scholar's mind; who knows what course will suit him; or not knowing both these will provide for a right guidance through some agency.

Those who have strayed apart and realised it, are confronted with the problem as to whether it is more advisable to continue or to start again in a direction more congenial. The continuance of studies, less suitable, is far from resulting in a spoilt life. For the mind can eventually be trained to a certain extent to appreciate the interest of a study, at first, uncongenial. They are not put out of the race but are handicapped. The question of a change is a problem as to how far one is estranged from his work and to what extent circumstances will permit him to make an alteration. But don't do it without skilled opinion.

* * * *

The Examinations cease not to approach. Household cats wait patiently for the midnight oil to gurgle forth its last splutterings. The pale-faced victim totters to his pallet. Everybody is cross and irritable. The benign old gentlemen, who sit not till March, fail to elicit a smile from their younger brethren. But soon all will be over. Those choice mortals who succeed will naturally be exceedingly delighted. Those who fail will persuade themselves that they learn for learning's sake and examinations are but things of a day* (or perchance a few days more)—no true test of man's knowledge. But yet they will join the aforesaid advocates of benignity to look forward to the boiling-pot of March.

* * * *

This year the Inter-College contests have formed an important element in the University sporting life. It is a fact that men are moved to fight harder in the Inter-College competitions than in the ordinary fixtures, in which the various teams take part. It is an example of allegiance to the smaller body being stronger than that shown to the larger body. The contests this year were devoted to Football, Cricket, Rowing, Tennis, Shooting and Athletics. King's were the winners in the Competition, with St. John's second and Emmanuel third.

* * * *

There are many who have been uncomfortably led to realise that the University spirit has not met with the ap-

preciation and understanding that it merits in this city, in which it is our lot to live—that its atmosphere unhappily fails to pervade the surroundings of a certain class of citizens with whom we have to deal. These tailors and booksellers, these traders in instruments and purveyors of tobacco—all that sort—do not seem to realise that their attitude, manifested as it is in the specimens of literature, dedicated to us, whereas it appears to be doing its utmost to be polite, is yet sadly out-of-place and awfully insulting. One of their minions got loose over in the Laboratories. Send your collector, by all means, but don't make a song about it. Send him over to College, if you wish. Amusement comes not amiss to relieve our spirits.

* * * *

Who brings all these dogs down here? Ever since this place began, it has been the resort of members of the canine genus, varieties hitherto unknown. From the hairy polar-bear mongrel to the telescopic long grey animal. Not that we object. The ancient building with the wild animals coyly lurking hither and thither amongst its columns! But who brings them? Is it that our studious efforts result in such an emaciated ap-

Messrs. Angus and Robertson have sent two books to us for review. The first is, "Hints to Young Officers in the Australian Corps," by Lieutenant Stupart. This book gives a complete knowledge of the course to be pursued by an officer in all respects of his life which are connected with military training. It will be found exceedingly helpful reading, especially as through the war, the interest of officers in their own progress has become more pronounced.

The second book is entitled "A Junior Course in First Aid." This book has probably been well used by those of our number who have taken classes in First Aid, and should be very useful to college men, or perhaps to the Musical Society or the Football Club. The great lesson we can learn from this little book is "Never let a day go past without doing a good turn to somebody."

pearance, such a protruding of bones? Or is it, perchance, that there is some permanent fixture here, resembling in visage a round of corned beef?

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Exclamation by Mr. Punch and his retinue, on glancing at the 'Varsity Notice-Board—"To such a depth, unthought of, our glorious trade hath sunk."

* * * *

First Aid classes have been held under the lecturing of Dr. Johnston. This is suspected as a source of the gradual disappearance of parts of our academic attire. The gardener has suggested to the authorities that the mania for bandaging could be employed with use in tying plants to sticks.

* * * *

Having grumbled at your habits, your character, your institutions in a manner worthy of the truest Disgustic principles, we clear out of office. Before doing so, we wish to thank our various Assistant Sub-Editors who have shown such interest in the progress of this journal, and have from time to time given of their best in the literary line. We also wish to tender our high opinion of the good services of the Business Committee. Vale.

*Carpe Diem.

Moanings of our readers' dreams: "community" "unfortunate duty" "Third Term" "Examination" "midnight oil."

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First Aid and Rag-time for a Syncopated Liver.

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An agreement has been made between the Manager of the Dandies and the Treasurer of the Sports Union, by which, estimates of Petty Cash fixed at a certain amount should be passed unheeded.

* * * *

We meant to have published in this issue an article shewing forth the exciting adventures of a journey from the Dining Room to the Kitchen of a 60 h.p. motor car. This article was being executed by the Fourth Year Engineers but owing to the departure of the chief, their ideas will not find outlet in this Journal till his return.

The Faculties.

NOW that most Universities include a recognised and important modern side, discussions as to the relative merits of the various faculties are of frequent occurrence. When higher education could only mean training in the humanities there was little occasion for such differences of opinion. But now that the term includes the study of science, both pure and applied, and of various technical arts, there is room enough and to spare for them. For this reason it may not be out of place to offer a few suggestions, made as impartially as possible, in the way of assessing the educational value of the courses open to students here.

The most obvious remark that presents itself is that each of our three faculties has a totally different educational ideal. In engineering the main concern is technical expertness. In science, so far as the science courses can be regarded apart from technical training, the main emphasis is presumably laid upon producing a genuine intellectual interest in science as such. While in the case of the Arts courses the ideal is general culture, of which much abused phrase the precise meaning is to be seen later.

In dealing with these three, let us take the easiest first and consider the educational value of the engineering courses. I have said that here the objective is technical expertness. And it is sufficiently evident that in so far as this ideal is attained, there is on the one hand a great and valuable increase of specialised efficiency and on the other a decrease or at best a lack of development in the power to handle a general situation. The engineer's complaint is perfectly easy to diagnose. It is the complaint of one-sided development, which however useful and necessary it may be, can only be obtained at the price of arrested growth elsewhere. I am not, of course, arguing that an engineer is an inferior type of mind. But I do argue that his training does not make him superior as a mind. And if it

be said that his studies "train his mind" my answer is that while they probably ward off complete intellectual stagnation by giving him something to think about, yet they are of such a nature as to confine all his expert interests to a narrow groove. Further than this I cannot go without talking technical psychology, and I must content myself by pointing out that the technically educated man, however admirable in his own sphere, beyond it is a little, though not much better than the man entirely without higher education.

When we come to the relative merits of the sciences and the arts we are face to face with enormous issues. Here there is no simple psychological rule of thumb to be applied, as there was in the case of engineering as such. For here we are faced with two ideals of general education, and ultimately with two conflicting world-views. One point, and one only, need be made. Even the best scientific mind will hardly think itself through to its ultimate philosophy (unless it gets hold of Spencer, and then Lord pity it!) inside ten years from graduation. And even then, unless it has absorbed more metaphysics than is at all usual (and the well trained scientist who can read metaphysics to edification is a rare bird indeed), its philosophy is hopelessly wrong not to say ridiculous. The pure scientist's philosophising is at the best of times a very amateur effort, for the simple reason that he is untrained to criticise his own ultimate conclusions. And although it must not be supposed that I am venturing to say a word against the value of positive investigation, this is a consideration of importance when it comes to estimating its educational utility.

I have defined the ideal of the Arts courses as being general culture. By this I don't mean an elegant extra. By culture I understand trained expertness and disciplined power in dealing with intellectual situations. This it is the objective of education in Arts to give. It amounts to articulate specialisation in generalities. And just as the other courses are weak in universals, so Arts tends to be weak in particulars. But it has this enormous advantage that its

method is deductive whereas theirs is inductive. And while it is comparatively easy to fill up the content of a general notion, it is immensely more difficult to rise from details to truly adequate explanations. J.L.M.

Queensland Varsity Song.

When memory lurking in her bowers
Makes melody of brightest hours,
She prompts our tongues with lusty powers
To sing of 'Varsity.

When downcast mind would prove our bane,
And hope's fair star seems on the wane,
The bravest strain in God's demesne
Is "Courage Queensland 'Varsity."

When life's affairs leave us less strong,
And tempt us to the gate of wrong,
Our hearts ring back a warning long
Of aims of 'Varsity.

When for a moment, tried by gain,
We dream of smirching honour's fane,
Most rousing strain in God's demesne
Is "Truth and Queensland 'Varsity."

When shouldered by a Stranger's brood
We'll not by gorgeous gowns be wooed,
Nor take on shame-faced carping mood,
At our young 'Varsity.

For hardly we our honours gain
At work and play we'll show in vain
The proudest strain in God's demesne
Is "Graduate, Queensland 'Varsity."

When faced by tasks that tax man's ken—
Tasks that o'erpower our rivals' men,
We'll hold our peace and think again
Of Good old 'Varsity.

Then taking up our shield amain
We'll fight, and shout where errors reign
Most potent strain in God's demesne
"Gang forward, Queensland 'Varsity."

Dryasdust.

Book Talk

Dear U.Q.M.,—

For some years now I have been growing more and more attached to our English essayists. I began, a decade ago, to read Macaulay as a duty, and found one day, with an agreeable

shock, that the duty had melted into a pleasure. But I confess this was not until I had won three-parts of the way through. After this I found Lamb, Hazlitt and Stevenson, and then Addison's company of stalwarts; I am even now in the middle of the "Roundabouts"; and a few months ago I spent some wholly delightful hours over a volume of Leigh Hunt. So that, when a writer in the "Bookman" spoke high praise of one G. S. Street, calling him the best of several excellent moderns, and crediting him with something of the flavour of Elia himself, I lost no time in buying a book with Mr. Street's name on its title-page. "The Ghosts of Piccadilly" it was, and if you want half a day of genial gossip, intimate glimpses at a hundred interesting people and scores of good stories, this is the book for you. "Surely," says Mr. Street in his preface, "if any part of any city 'deserves a book to itself, it is Piccadilly. We shall stand, the reader 'and I, before some house in the hours 'when the traffic is stilled, and I shall 'tell him of its history, of the men and 'women who dwelt there, and talked 'and loved and gambled and lived and 'died.' And he begins "At the top 'of St. James's Street, in 1664."

All I propose is to make a few short extracts and then leave you to beg, borrow or buy the book for yourself.

For the first: "I am sorely tempted to 'bid you mark yonder tall, dark man, 'with harsh features oddly contrasting 'with his good-humoured laugh as he 'talks with his companions, walking 'swiftly—bid you mark him and un-'cover as he passes. It is the King, 'going without ceremony to look at his 'Chancellor's new house." Clarendon's great house in Albemarle Street, to wit. There is a chapter on the famous and wicked "Old Q." the Duke of Queensberry, who, "much over eighty, was 'still keen to see life. . . . Pic-'cadilly was his home, and there he 'sat in the sun under his parasol. . . . 'Many tales of him went about. They 'said he took baths of milk, and quite 'a prejudice against drinking milk 'arose in the neighbourhood." Skimming the pages, we are arrested by a group of familiar names, and find

a little paragraph showing Byron and Scott, "stumping with the limp both had 'in life,' with Monk Lewis, "an absurd 'little figure, wonderfully dressed, strutting garrulous between them." A little farther on Mr. Street imagines Macaulay "at one of his famous breakfasts"—"a short stout man with a homely 'face (elsewhere he names it 'heavy and dull'), 'and a fine forehead. . . . 'Any subject you mentioned your host 'would know all about, and tell all 'about, until some one who might take 'liberties would say it was enough, 'when he would stop as one replaces 'a book on the shelf, and take down 'another. . . . Presently, if you were 'lucky, you would enjoy one of his 'brilliant flashes of silence,' as Sydney Smith called them."

Emma Hamilton, the Iron Duke, Sir Walter in London, Charles Fox, Fanny Burney, Beau Brummell—these are a few of the ghosts among whom we traverse Mr. Street's genial pages. The book is overflowing with good things, and I find it difficult to stop. But I must.

Until the appointment of the new poet laureate was announced some months ago I had, in common with many other ordinary folk, never heard the name of Robert Bridges. Nor did the appointment itself dispose me to make any zealous effort to know more than his name. For the connection of the laureateship with Poetry, spelled with a capital, has seemed to be mainly a matter of accident, though you cite Tennyson and Ben Jonson and a slender half-dozen between them. Still, when a friend was ready to lend, I was glad to borrow, and I have now read the little volume of "Shorter Poems."

A poppy grows upon the shore,
Bursts her twin cup in summer late:
Her leaves are glaucous green and hoar,
Her petals yellow, delicate.

Off to her cousins turns her thought,
In wonder if they care that she
Is fed with spray for dew, and caught
By every gale that sweeps the sea.

She has no lovers like the red,
That dances with the noble corn:
Her blossoms on the waves are shed,
Where she stands shivering and forlorn.

This is the first which caught by attention. It is a fair specimen of Dr. Bridges' workmanship, so far as it is shown in the volume to which I have referred.

Over the leaf are some verses which have a hint of Stevenson:

Who has not walked upon the shore,
And who does not the morning know,
The day the angry gale is o'er,
The hour the wind has ceased to blow!

Then of the clouds:

From distant hills their shadows creep,
Arrive in turn and mount the lea,
And flit across the downs, and leap
Sheer off the cliff upon the sea;

And sail and sail far out of sight,
But still I watch their fleecy strains
That piling all the south with light,
Dapple in France the fertile plains.

You will suffer me to make one extract more:

There is a hill beside the silver Thames,
Shady with birch and beech and odorous pine:

And brilliant under foot with thousand gems
Steeple the thickets to his floods, decline.
Straight trees in every place

Their thick tops interlace,
And pendant branches trail their foliage
fine

Upon his watery face.

If poetry be merely exceptionally good verse, Dr. Bridges has written poetry; if we reserve the name for something which is different from verse in more than degree—and surely we must—we are compelled to deny him the title. Poetry is not the child of scholarship. But the book is full of cultured verse, perhaps a little too cold, a little too polished, but verse of high degree. At the least our laureate is poetical. And perhaps, if I may use the paradox, that is why he is not a poet.

In the day of Roosevelts and South American Republics and German Emperors it is refreshing to find a quiet people. The Jew permeates the world, yet he contributes no quota to its noise. He has crept silently down to us through the ages,—silently, and yet persistently too, for nineteen centuries of Front-de-Bœufs have grappled him in vain. He lives patiently on, waiting, waiting, till the time shall have been accomplished, bearing in his breast the great Aspira-

tion which, be he Russian or Hollander or German, makes him underneath to be entirely Jew. He has been so long submerged that he has learned to live and have his being below the surface. Here and there he is forced to the top by the expanding power of genius, and we get a Spinoza or a Heine or a splendid demagogue like Lassalle or a statesman like Disraeli. The age-long tragedy of the Ghetto went unnoticed of men. In a loud world the children of the Exile had been dumb, until a voice was given them, a voice called Israel Zangwill.

All of which is to say that I have been reading "Dreamers of the Ghetto." It is an awakening book. You find you have been apt to overlook the Jew because of his silence, but that he has qualities which must win him a definite place in the order of things. The book is a succession of pictures of Jewish life at different stages in the world's development, many of them embodying the story of some member of the race who is a figure of history. Beginning with the original Ghetto in Venice many hundreds of years ago, the writer brings us down the centuries, taking us now to Rome, now to Spain, visiting Holland, Germany, France, England America, showing us the Jew in all surroundings, unchanged, undeveloped, unalloyed, keeping himself unspotted from the world.

The story of Lassalle is treated by Meredith in his "Tragic Comedians," and I was very interested to come upon it viewed by Mr. Zangwill from a different angle. But the most arresting thing in the book is the account of the deathbed of Heine. What a brilliant brain that man must have been! His talk flickers over the universe like lightning. One is breathless and amazed before him. To the end his wit never staggers and, as his soul "flares forth into the dark," he leaves us his final and tremendous mot: *Dieu me pardonnera; c'est son métier!* To listen to a great conversationalist is perhaps the most exhilarating of all experiences; here we are permitted to listen for the space of a dozen pages, and we come away dumb, with raging thoughts.

Mr. Zangwill, whom I have styled the voice of Jewry, is no apologist in

the ordinary sense of the word. He is too great an artist for that. He can see his race impersonally and give us what he sees impartially, ridiculing the ridiculous and putting an unerring finger on the weak spot. So free, indeed, is he from the bias of the partisan that one is unconscious that he is himself a Jew. Yet, because the prime need of the Jew has been to be clearly seen, this revelation of Mr. Zangwill's has the effect of an apology, a triumphant apology. The destiny of the Jew is one of the world's romantic possibilities which give one an occasion craving to dip into the Future. He has no doubt about it himself.—Yours.

BOOK WORM.

Students' Association.

THE third term which for various reasons has not been allowed to run uninterruptedly on its course has, up to the date of writing, seen very little activity on the part of the Students' Association. The military encampment, coming as it did at the beginning of a short third term, has turned the attention of the students on their return to the approaching annual examinations. The students' annual dinner was to have been held late in the second term, but it was just at this time that the war broke out and all interest in such ordinary matters as dinners was lost when people were speculating as to the safety of the British Empire and expressing their unqualified disapprobation of the whole German race. Under these circumstances it was found necessary indefinitely to postpone the dinner.

About the middle of the academic year a suggestion was tendered to the Representative Council by Mr. Nommensen that the possibility of publishing a University Student's Handbook should be discussed. Mr. Nommensen was also kind enough to forward to us a copy of a handbook distributed among the students of the University of Sydney. The Representative Council appointed a subcommittee to enquire into the cost of publication, etc., and at the monthly

meeting of the Council held in October it was decided that the proposal should be put into practice and editorial and business committees were then and there appointed. It is expected that the book will be published and ready for distribution at the beginning of the 1st term, 1915.

As this is the last issue of the magazine for 1914 I shall take the opportunity of reminding students, especially freshers, that those who desire their railway vacation tickets to extend for a period of over two months can, if they present their certificates at the office of the General Traffic Superintendent, George Street, have them endorsed accordingly.

An Aboriginal Conflict.

[K.C.].

Since the air is throbbing with wars and rumours thereof an authentic account of Queensland's early struggles would not be out of place.

Sixteen miles from Cairns lies Green Island, a pretty coral islet on the Barrier Reef and possessing all those scenic beauties we are so wont to conjure up when such an islet is mentioned in fact or fiction. To wander over the reef at low tide is pleasure indeed, both to naturalist and to holiday maker.

One Easter time, long ago, we reached its little coral locked harbour after a stormy passage from Cairns in a little sailing boat and be it known to all budding "Captain Cooks" who attribute their slight indisposition to steamer oil, that that little cutter would have given them all they desired of a certain gentle and healthful pastime which no veracious traveller claims to have practised, when relating his adventures to a land audience. Never did dry land appear so inviting.

The tent, a bell tent supported by one pole and sundry ropes, was duly pitched and after we had demonstrated to our satisfaction that the law "that Nature abhors a vacuum" was true we sought Yorkey, the one-armed hermit and bech-de-mer fisher, whose first ap-

pearance there was away back in '76. He was full of ghastly recollections, and related them with a gusto and vividness that would make a bald-headed man grow hair if it were only that it might stand on end, and he clothed his mystic utterances in language so picturesque that no grass had grown near his hut within the memory of any visitor. Was he there in '77? Yes, the "Calcutta" with horses for India was wrecked on the reef and only one man was saved. The next year sundry and various awful fights between black and white took place; and we thought of the walk back to camp through the darkened scrub.

Had we ever heard why no bech-de-mer party ever camped there now? No, we had not. Well, in '79 several whites, their black divers and gins fished there and the blacks camped on one side, the whites on the other. They quarreled. Early one morning a gin called one of the whites to go to a part of the island remote from both camps, and he went, well armed. He returned to find the camp destroyed and no living white. He had a savage vengeance, for at daybreak next day he sent every living black, buck and gin, to the happy hunting grounds, with the exception of the lubra who saved him. Her, he in his madness sacrificed at midnight at the well in the middle of the island. "Yes," said Yorkey, "and at this very time of the month, at midnight, you can see him do it."

The party, with the exception of Ishmael and Casey, went back through the scrub to camp, each striving not to be last or alone, and it ended finally in a race.

Ishmael was an investigator of psychic phenomena. Casey said he was. They agreed to watch at the well that night. Casey said he had run short of matches after he had tried to light his pipe several and divers times and wanted to go back to camp to get another box. He was interested. Then close over the well appeared the white wraith of a woman with her head bent back and that of a man feeling for her throat.

It is recorded that Casey's yell was heard in San Francisco. He waited not

on the order of his going and no champion could have negotiated the half-mile to the camp in anything like the time he did it in. He struck the supporting pole of the tent. It came down on a crowd who slept and who were wakened to find their dreams of savage and gory conflict only too true. They fought as only Britishers fight for their hearths and homes, yea, and for

their very lives.

Ishmael came back and prevented homicide, murder, and sudden death. He had investigated. The moon at that particular time, the peculiar formation of the trees and the mist above the well produced the effect. Casey with one eye out of action and bruises and wounds that he'll carry to his death-bed thought differently.

University of Queensland Sports Union.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

This year has witnessed the most successful season that the University of Queensland Football Club has enjoyed.

At the Annual General Meeting, Mr. G. D. Brown was elected Captain of the Club, Mr. Foote, Vice-captain, and Mr. Harper, Secretary. Mr. Baxter as the third selector of the club made up the committee.

Last season the Club had the remarkable record of providing, in all, eight players for representative matches.

Messrs. E. Francis, S. Francis, Lloyd, Brown, and Rowe, represented the State, while Mr. E. Francis had the further honour of twice representing Australia. Mr. Foote, Fowles, and Healton also represented the Metropolis.

Both the first and second teams had very successful seasons.

The First Fifteen played seven matches, winning six and losing one. They defeated every team in the competition, and their failure in the first match was due to lack of condition.

This might not have happened if the annual general meeting had been called earlier in the year. On the outbreak of the war military duties took most of the players away, and the Football Club had to abandon the competition at a time when everybody expected the senior premiership to go to the University.

The Second team, under the leadership of Mr. Jackson, had their most successful season since the University opened. Many of their players showed such improvement that they were included in the First Fifteen towards the close of the season.

The improvement of these young players augurs well for the coming season.

All footballers wish Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Small, who have joined the Expeditionary Force, the best of good luck. These two men, who were our best and bravest on the football field will be among Britain's best and bravest on the battlefields of Europe.

CRICKET NOTES.

The cricket season has opened at a time when students' minds are turned to other things. The exams. and the war claim a large amount of attention. Notwithstanding, every afternoon the members of the first and second elevens may be seen practising on the Domain.

The annual general meeting of the Cricket Club was held on August 7th. Mr. J. A. Robinson was elected Captain of the Club. Mr. Robinson has now filled this position for three seasons and has won completely the trust and confidence of the players. Mr. J. Baxter was elected vice-captain and Secretary. The other members of the committee chosen were: Messrs. Percy, Marsden, and Neilson. Mr. Hargreaves was elected Captain of the Second XI.

The Cricket Club has obtained the use of the No. 1 wicket at Graceville. The wicket is not as suitable as might be desired, but will serve its purpose until such time as we can get a field and wicket of our own.

The first matches of the season began on October 3rd.

The First XI who were without the services of the Rev. C. M. Baker and Messrs. Thompson and Marsden, were badly beaten by Woolloongabba.

Our cricket was, in every department, very poor compared with that of the end of last season. This shows the want of coaching and hard practice.

The Second XI had a very fine first innings over Toowong.

We desire to express our deepest sympathy with Mr. Marsden in his recent sad bereavement.

J.B.

BOAT CLUB.

THE Annual General Meeting was held on Wednesday, September 16th. After the adoption of the report, the office-bearers for the ensuing year were elected:—

Captain: Mr. Brown; Vice Captain: Mr. Scriven; Treasurer: Mr. Baldwin; Secretary: Mr. Paterson; Delegate to Q.R.A.: Mr. Brown; Delegates to the Sports Union: Messrs. Brown and Paterson.

During the current year the Boat Club has competed in but one race, the River Champion Fours. The crew put up a very creditable performance, coming in third out of five crews, thus defeating two of the three other Metropolitan Clubs. The four consisted of D. Fowles (bow), P. H. Brown, H. Scriven, J. A. Noble (stroke). Our thanks are due to Mr. Brennan for his services as coach and the present standard of the University rowing is in a large part due to his untiring efforts.

Prior to this the Club had entered a crew in the Champion Eights, but at the last moment we were compelled to draw out the Q.R.A. having passed a motion that no rowing club should be allowed to hire their Racing Eight. This fact emphasised the necessity of having a Racing Eight of our own, and at a subsequent meeting of the Sports' Union, that body sanctioned the cancelling of previous orders for a Tub and a Four and the diverting of the money to purchase a Racing Eight. A sub-committee is now engaged arranging the details of the Eight.

Next year we intend to compete in the Inter-Varsity Race, and a crew will begin training early next year.

The membership of the club is increasing, the number of members now being thirty.

The Boat Club wishes herein to take the opportunity of saying farewell to Mr. A. W. Oakes, M.A., Bursar of St. John's College, who has joined the N.S.W. section of the 1st Expeditionary Force. It is in no small measure that we are indebted to Mr. Oakes initiation and agency for the existence of the University Boat Shed and consequently the Club's present prosperity.

The University Boat Club has now raised itself from the position of a Junior Club on the river to a Senior Club and must be looked upon as a factor to be reckoned with in Association races. After almost three years' existence, during which the members of the Committee have shown the greatest enthusiasm in managing the affairs of the Club and in instructing tyros in the devices of watermanship, we feel that the Club has more than justified its institution. We beg to pay a tribute to the work of Messrs. W. J. Thompson and P. H. Brown, who have acted as Captains of the Club during those years, and also to Mr. O. E. Baldwin (hon. treasurer), and Mr. A. H. Jones (hon. secretary).

C.R.P.

ATHLETIC CLUB.

The annual sports meeting was held on the Brisbane Cricket Ground on Wednesday, 5th August.

The number of entries was very satisfactory, but the number of starters in the races was equally disappointing.

The Wilkinson Cup for the greatest aggregate of points in championship events was won for the third successive year by T. Francis.

A hockey match between the Women's College and "The Rest of the 'Varsity," was played and resulted in a win for the latter by 2 goals to 1.

The following championship events were decided:—

- 100 Yards—T. Francis, 1; L. H. Foote, 2. Time, 10 4/5secs.
- 220 Yards—T. Francis, 1; J. R. Neilson, 2. Time, 24 4/5secs.
- 440 Yards—T. Francis, 1; E. C. Cribb, 2. Time, 55 1/5secs.
- 880 Yards—J. McWilliam, 1; E. C. Cribb, 2. Time, 2min. 8 3/5secs.

High Jump—J. R. Lendrum, 1; G. P. Grant, 2. Height, 5ft. 0½ins.

Broad Jump—J. R. Lendrum, 1; E. G. Scott, 2. Distance, 20ft.

Putting the Shot—J. L. Baxter.

In the College contests, King's gained 18 points against 5 and 4 by Emmanuel and John's respectively.

The Mile and Hurdles Championships, which could not be run on the day have been cancelled.

HOCKEY NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Hockey Club was held in March, and the following officers and committee were elected for the ensuing year:—Misses I. Lee (captain), A. Adamson (secretary), N. Brown, M. McCulloch, and L. Wilkie. The enthusiasm displayed by the Freshers was in marked contrast to that of last year. All were anxious to make an early start with hockey, but, unfortunately, owing to the lack of consideration on the part of Jupiter Pluvius and the bad condition of

the field, play did not start in earnest till the beginning of Second Term.

In Second Term two friendly matches which caused great excitement in hockey circles were played. The teams were representative of the Woman's College and the rest of the University. Both of these matches were won by the latter team by 5 to 2, and 2 goals to 1 respectively.

The match of the season eventuated on the hockey field of the Maryborough Grammar School between teams representative of both institutions. The University team was defeated by 9 goals to 2. The match was a very fast one and in spite of the scores was a great improvement on that of last year.

The following represented the University:—Misses N. Brown, A. Adamson, M. McCulloch, D. Dennis, V. Haines, M. Maclean, D. Stumm, I. Smith, A. Peterson, S. McDermott, and I. Lee (Captain).

Our thanks are due to Miss Bage for consenting to act as coach again this year and so making possible our journey to Maryborough.

University of Queensland Union.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

LAST year it was found necessary to discontinue the practices during Third Term. This year, owing to an increase in numbers, the members decided that the Musical Society should continue its work until the end of the year. Some members find that they are unable to attend every week, but they are giving their loyal support and attend when they are able to do so, thus making an attendance which warrants the continuance of practice.

The balance of parts is still as it always has been—decidedly uneven. But it could hardly be expected that this would be remedied in Third Term.

The Society has lost the services of its conductor, Mr. H. W. Dinning, owing to his departure as a member of the Australian Expeditionary Force. Mr. Dinning was one of the prime movers in the formation of the Society and

has always taken a very keen and active interest in it. The work he has done has been very much appreciated, and the Society hereby offers him its thanks for his services.

As has been mentioned above, and as it will be found has been mentioned many times in the Society's notes, tenors and altos are very badly needed by this Society, especially the former.

It is hoped that next year the balance of parts will be better and that those who have held aloof during this year will give their assistance. All those who have a liking for part singing will be welcomed by the Society, and if such would come along they would help to make the Musical Society of the greatest benefit to all concerned.

WOMEN'S CLUB NOTES.

We have just concluded a successful year's activities. The enthusiasm of the members was directed into a new chan-

nel in the form of debates. The first debate was not well attended, since most of us thought that the statement "That University training is not incompatible with the domestic virtues," needed no proof. The next debate, "This meeting views with horror and disgust the modern practice of smoking among women," provoked heated discussion. The collegiates opposed the motion which, however, was carried by a large majority. After this preliminary rhetorical experience the students decided that the annual function for women only should be a debate. The selected subject on this occasion was "The influence of modern women as compared with that of the women of the past." Our thanks are due to Miss Jarrett and Miss White who led the discussion. The meeting was well attended and the subject freely discussed.

The women showed their patriotism by devoting many precious hours of third term in making flags for the noble defenders of our Empire.

The same patriotic spirit prompted 30 of our number to ascend three flights of stairs twice a week to attend lectures on first aid delivered by Dr. Johnston, to whom we are greatly indebted. At the end of the course an examination was conducted under the auspices of St. John's Ambulance Association, in which all who entered were successful. Utinam nos omnes a. d. III. nones Novembris!

The annual general meeting of the club was held in the Common Room on 16th September. The election of officers resulted as follows:—

President: Mrs. Mayo.

Graduate Vice-president, Miss Bage.

Undergraduate Vice-president: Miss Brown.

Treasurer: Miss Harrison.

Secretary: Miss Peterson.

Subsequently the following members were chosen for the committee: Third Year Representative (Arts): Miss Maclean; Second Year Representative (Arts), Miss McDermott; Science Representative, Miss MacKenzie.

We desire to thank our retiring President, Mrs. Priestley, for the keen interest she has taken in all the activities of the Club.

A.P.

Students' Christian Union.

THE Union held its Annual Meeting on Thursday, 17th September. There was an attendance of about 32.

During the meeting Miss Herring, travelling secretary for the A.S.C.M., spoke for a few minutes on the value of the Summer Conference, and urged all to take advantage of the opportunity offered them.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are:—President, Mr. E. J. D. Stanley; Vice-President, Mr. C. H. Jenkyn; Woman Vice-President, Miss D. Denniss; General Secretary, Mr. E. Cribb; Corresponding Secretary, Miss D. McIntyre; Treasurer, Mr. E. C. Walker. The Chairmen of the various Committee have also been appointed.

The work done by those who have ceased to hold office will always help us to remember that they have been keen and energetic workers, and it is only fitting that these pages should record something of the honour and respect due to them.

Only one meeting has been held during this term, at which the Rev. J. T. Lawton, M.A., spoke on the Summer Conference. Mr. Lawton briefly outlined the Conference and its aims, and illustrated how it had been the making of some men. He then pointed out that one of its greatest pleasures was the absence of all formality, and concluded by saying that it was a very good investment and one which every student would do well to secure.

A University Service was held at the Ann Street Presbyterian Church on Sunday, 20th September. There were about 50 undergraduates present. The Rev. J. T. Lawton, M.A., preached the sermon, Professor Priestly read the lesson, and the Rev. J. Cosh, B.A., B.D., conducted the service. Mr. P. H. Brown also spoke on the Student Christian Union.

Arrangements have been made for Mr. Dan Crawford, F.R.G.S., who is at present lecturing in Brisbane, to address a meeting of the Union on Monday, 12th October. Mr. Crawford is a man

of wide experience and his address will no doubt be of interest to all.

When undergraduates read these pages the present term will be drawing to a close, but still it may not be too late to remind those who have not made final plans for the long vacation, that the Summer Conference will be held this year at Daylesford, Victoria, from the 7th to 16th January, 1915. Expenses all told amount to £6 1s. 10d. Much has already been done to impress students with the importance of attending, and all that is left to be said is, "Make the best of this opportunity, for it is worth while."

E.C.

Flowers of France

It is with very great pleasure that I recommend a small volume of translations of French lyrics made by Mr. Eric Partridge, an undergraduate member of this University, to the consideration of readers of this Magazine. I understand that owing to exigencies of copyright regular publication is impossible, but the work has been printed privately and will presumably be made obtainable by some means. It is not every day that we have to congratulate one of our number upon the performance of a very creditably literary task. And Mr. Partridge's work is of no low standard. As regards versification he has handled metres of great delicacy and subtlety of rhythm with marked technical skill and considerable success. As translations, I am assured by those more competent to judge than myself that the poems leave nothing to be desired. And I think it far from being out of place to appeal in this magazine for the sympathetic interest of the University in the work of one who may well in years to come prove the ablest poet whom Queensland has produced.

Arma Virumque

(which being translated for the benefit of Tertius means Fall in, H Company

The following purports to be an unauthentic account of certain fictitious happenings which might have taken place during the first half of September, 1914.

One of our comrades is to be congratulated on his courteous method of refusing sentry duty. "After you," quoth he with greatest politeness, and the next man went in his stead. But the latter was fortunate in bearing a most informative and instructive address delivered by the Little Corporal in the Guard Tent, entitled "Social Life in Ancient Persia."

Lemon and Melon, Jammy and the Prophet Daniel being of the '95 quota, and consequently young and innocent, fell victims to deaconal wiles, and, little suspecting the foul jest so rudely to be thrust upon them, volunteered for sentry duty at Lota. They discovered, however, that six miles ride in the transport wagon after dinner, differs essentially from six miles tramp back before breakfast, after spending a night in the rain. We wish to point out to Melon that certain ill-disposed persons still refuse to credit his account of the girl who brought him the glass of milk every quarter of an hour. The abovementioned trio were absolutely greedy for sentry duty, not to mention fatigue, especially Daniel, who took a professional interest in his work, which he vainly strove to impart to us.

Although some individuals complain that camp interfered with study, its educational facilities were by no means slight, such divine subjects as music and billiards being included in the curriculum. At the end of one short fortnight our chaplain could sing the "Marseillaise" and eat a plate of stew simultaneously, and was able to distinguish the G Company version of "Yankee Doodle" and "Ben Bolt" with almost invariable precision.

We have it on the best authority that, in view of the excellent practice obtained during our sojourn at the fort, one of our sergeants has challenged George Gray to a match of 18,000 up, to be played with three golden balls (kindly lent for the occasion by Khaki, Tertius and Co., licensed pawnbrokers), the prize to be a certain little dog, presumably the property of G Company.

Various competitions were held, the results being as follows:—

Champion Growler—Mac, 1; Bubs, 2. A most exciting finish.

Profanity Prize—In this instance so much talent was displayed by all competitors that the judges were unable to reach a decision.

Moustache Race—Emu, 1; Lertius, 2. The Chaplain was disqualified for lopsidedness and general irregularity. It is to be regretted that Melon could not be persuaded to compete.

Biscuit Competition—The Long Thin Line of Khaki, 1. 2, No award.

Perhaps it is just as well that the good old Roman custom of executing the last man to come on parade has fallen into decadence. Had it remained in force we venture to imagine that Dinky Doo's chances of survival would have been somewhat remote.

The regiment is to be congratulated on its extremely fine body of police, who endeared themselves to all and were affectionately known throughout the camp as the B.U.B.'s (Bright University Boys). They were not, however, as popular with cooks as their civilian confreres are famed to be. In view of certain scurrilous accusations of want of cleanliness, it is a pleasure to record the instance of one chap, who objected to the arm of the law ever laying its hand upon him. In fairness to the latter, it must be pointed out that the entire force had revelled in ablu-tion only the week previous.

Logicians are requested to plot the fallacy in the following. "Even if we are only ————s and you eat off your serviette, we've got as much money as you all the same." Though certainly a clever piece of reasoning, we have an uneasy feeling that there is a flaw somewhere. It may also be pointed out that the argument, "Go and get blanked," while useful in the initial stages of an altercation, cannot be regarded as final.

It is a source of gratification that no tragedies occurred throughout stay, though several at various times appeared imminent. On more than one occasion it was only at great personal risk that Melon was dissuaded from drowning himself in Marmalade. But, as his soubriquet indicates, M. and L. was his most serious weakness. If we left him asleep in the

tent, even for a few moments, with a tin of that beverage cunningly concealed on the far side of the pole, such was the magnetic attraction possessed by one or both, that on our return we invariably found him plenteously anointed with what remained after he had bestowed a generous share on our blankets and equipment. We understand that a movement is on foot to present him with half a cwt. for home use, as souvenir, and trust that it will have the support of any reader who gets as far down as this.

The solace afforded by our spiritual guide was always the same, whether in despair at the wreck of our hopes of emulating Horatius, we were cursing the respective natal days of our beloved sergeants, or, exasperated at the repeated sentry duty, we pointed out some of the hardships incidental to a soldier's lot. "Is there anything wrong with the tucker?" "No!" Then, Whatyregrowlnat?

As a fitting conclusion let us quote the words of a touching little song, which sets every soldier's heart afire with loyalty and pride. The words are really inseparable from the music, and to get the full effect you should persuade our Chaplain to sing it. To discover this individual, a good plan is to go round calling everyone by such an appellation, and the one who blushes right round the back of his neck will be the man.

My mother told me, that she would buy
me

A rubber dolly, a rubber dolly,
But when I told her I was a soldier,
She would not buy me, a rubber dolly.

The Last Spasm.

My Dear Phyllis—

Ambulance work is quite the rage here now, and I have been going to the University class. You see, if the Germans invade us, we girls would all like to go about tying up the soldiers' broken arms and necks and things and stopping the bleeding of their veins and arteries, like Grace Darling, or who was the sweet thing who went out to the Crimea, that cold place in the North of Russia, and won

the hearts of all the soldiers, and came back a great friend of Queen Victoria.

Well, we were all told to buy a yard and an eighth of unbleached calico at MacDonnell and East's. It seemed so horribly careful to ask for an eighth of a yard; I apologized to the shopmen, but he was perfectly sweet about it and said it was quite all right as all the others were getting that too. All we wanted besides were an Ambulance book, splints, and a skeleton. I went out to the wood-heap and found some splints but didn't know where to get a skeleton, and all the others in our set were wondering too. I asked Dr. Johnston, and he was very nice about it and told us not to trouble to bring individual skeletons. If your family happened not to have one, the biology lab had one that would do; so we all used the same skeleton. It was such a darling skeleton and had the most delicious teeth; I couldn't help thinking, dearest, that you and I would make such awfully funny skeletons, with our scores of gold teeth. Isn't it perfectly dear of people to let their skeletons be used up as specimens instead of wanting them to be buried with them.

Well, first we had lectures, all about the different methods of breaking your arm. Oh! dearest it must be awfully awkward to break your arm. It is so nice to know the proper names of all your separate little bits. Nobody in our set now after a hockey match, talks about a bruise on her shin or instep. We all say we have injured the membrane of our tibia or metatarsus. After our last match Aimee ran round saying she was sure she had broken her patella, and Marguerite, who is very keen on Ambulance and always doing something for someone, said she hoped it was broken as she was dying to bandage it. But the silly child wouldn't let her, she said she would rather go to the doctor. Some people are so selfish, don't you think?

Bandaging was rather good fun, but it is not everyone who can wear a bandage to advantage, and would you believe it, there wasn't one looking-glass in the room, and we could only see ourselves as

others see us and then you're not at your best.

Of course, before you begin to bandage anything you must find out what it is you have got to bandage and that is why you have to learn symptoms. There are symptoms for everything. Dr. Johnston told us that with most people you can easily tell when they have broken their jaw; they must stop talking. It makes you feel rather nervous because we often have false alarms. The other day I was sure Doreen had broken her jaw, but it turned out that she was only eating some sweets Frank had given her and you know how particular she is since that American lady told her not to speak with her mouth full or even half full.

When the lectures were finished we had an exam. Such a nice doctor examined us and we all passed! We went in to the exam. in pairs; I went in with Marguerite and she is very good, and we didn't have to write answers to silly questions.

We know all the various treatments now but *entre nous* I think the best thing to do in case of accidents really is to keep quite cool and ring up the doctor.

Dearest, before I finish, I must tell you a little story about Ada. The other day it really did happen just like it does in books that she had a chance to be a heroine, and show how good she was at ambulance. A poor man got knocked down in the street and anyone could see (by the symptoms you know) that his arm was broken. Ada kept quite cool and fixed up the arm with two sunshades (Dr. Johnston told us to use them if we didn't happen to have our splints with us and then the doctor came). Ada stood by to hear what the doctor had to say because we were proud of Ada's bandaging. He looked rather strange and said, "Who fixed this limb?" "I," said, Ada, trying not to seem proud. "It is splendid," said the doctor, "I could not have done it better myself. But what a pity it is the wrong arm."

And after all the trouble we have taken there doesn't seem to be the least hope of the Germans invading us.

Ever thine,
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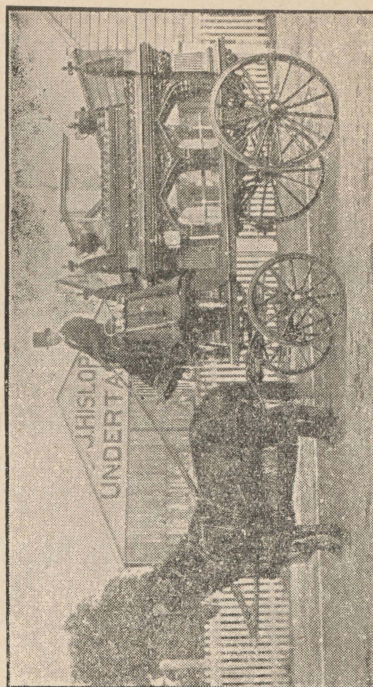


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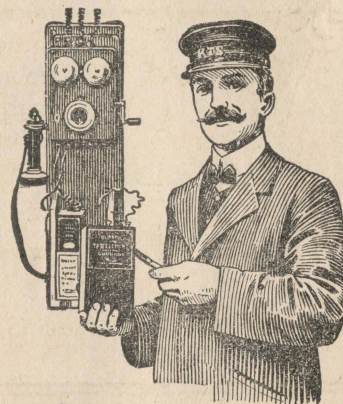
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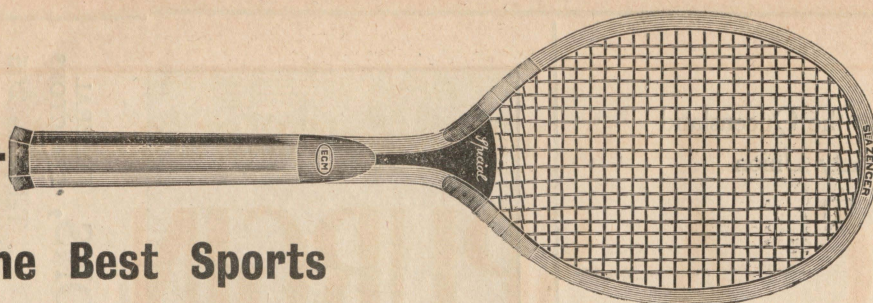
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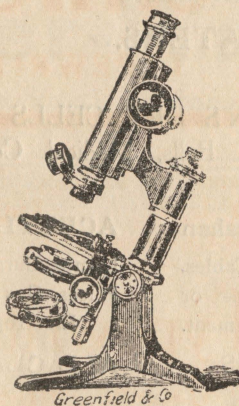
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